

King of Dragons 2: Blast to the Past

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Summary: {Sequel to King of Dragons: Return of the Dragon King.}

Frostbite and his friends have time travelled to the past to destroy their archenemy's friend. Too bad they don't know they would meet their parent's past selves and a dark secret that has been kept under lock and key for over a decade. [Better than it sounds. Read the prequel.]

1. Chapter 1

This was a normal day â€‘ well, as normal as it could get for Berk. This poor village had to go through two major revolutions in the tiny space of 20 years, first they made peace with the dragon who they had been enemies with for the past 300 years, the other, that their Chief's oldest son was a half-dragon, a race almost extinct over 300 years ago and The King of Dragons. Yeah, they are an amazing village for a stubborn traditional Viking tribe.

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"Ok, combust that wooden crate with your mind." Valhammara Ingrid Haddock challenged her oldest brother, after their study session. The two Haddocks were sitting in the Training Arena, covered in books. Val's beloved small dragons were comfortably resting all over the 11 year old girl, and even one Terror was lying beside Frostbite.

The Dragon King focused his eyes on the wooden crate, 20 meters away from where he was sitting. Within a few moments, it blew up in a large explosion.

"What happened? What exploded? Why wasn't I invited?" Aster said as he and the dragon riders flew into the arena. It was an orange afternoon, and the other four members had just tolerated a forced afternoon flight with their dragons and one of the Heads of the Academy.

"Why am I here?" Frostbite deadpanned, sitting in the middle of the night by the fireplace, wrapped in a blanket, yawning, as his mentor urgently asked for him through his dream. "Couldn't this wait till morning?"

"No, Frostbite, it couldn't. I have a mission for you." Vepro said, sternly, a voice he used very rarely. "You have to travel back in time and alter the future. There is a time portal on the Dragon Palace, you'll have to read the inscription and it will take you back or forward in time."

"Great another mission, it must be Thor's day. What do I have to change?"

"You have to murder someone called Herod the Sorcerer, or the Soul Murderer. He was a close friend to my brother, and although he wasn't a half-dragon, he possessed fantastic abilities. In my time, he is the one that proposed a plan for my brother and sister to betray me. When that failed, he ran away, borrowing dragons from my sister and waiting for Scorpios to return."

"Why did he borrow dragons?"

"He was closest to my brother than sister. He took dragons, plunging villages with them and amassing armies to fight for Scorpios when he returned. My brother, obviously didn't know any of this and threw himself at conquering Berk first, now he is in Herod's care, fully aware of the thousands that have been bewitched to serve him."

"If I kill him at a different time, then Scorpios will be that much easier to wipe out."

"Be careful! The time portal is not to be messed with. It chooses the best time period for you to travel to. In the incorrect time period, the time portal is to work twice, once to bring you there, another to bring you back. Am I clear?"

"Why do I have a feeling that this is gonna go to a really awkward timeline?"

Vepro laughed. "You should involve your friends and siblings in this. Time-travelling can be very dangerous, lonely, morbid or all of them. Trust me, I know, but once you've travelled several times, the experience becomes less terrifying."

"When should we leave?"

"I've experienced the best moment to travel is during the night, don't ask, leave in exactly 24 hours. You'll have to search for Herod on foot, he can be anywhere in the Meridian of Misery. Oh, and before I forget, you will have to complete this without my guidance, think of that as a test."

"Great, just great. I'll see you soon, then." Frostbite turned to leave.

"Frostbite, there is also another thing for you to worry about. Changing the future can have hazardous consequences, to succeed you

not only have to worry about killing Herod, but also about your very own existence. Good Luck."

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The following morning, all the teens were in the Academy.

"Uh, guys, there's something that I need to ask you â€| well, it's a potentially dangerous mission, that could result with us not existing â€| but, uh, well, I have a responsibility-"

"Spill it out!" Aster yelled, impatiently.

"Vepro gave me a mission to doâ€| travel to the past and I need â€| your help." Frostbite avoided eye contact. This was too awkward.

"Travelling in time! Count me in." Anna jumped up almost instantly. Over the month that had passed since Frostbite defeated Scorpios for the first time, she had grown quite protective of him.

"Yeah, me too!" Rufflegs quipped in.

"If it doesn't involve Aster's boring training exercise, I'm in." Spitlout agreed, his punishment being a slap on the back of his head.

Frostbite looked at his two siblings.

"Fine, but only because I love you, Frost." Val smiled affectionately at her brother. "And only if mom and dad let us."

Sweat poured off Frostbite's forehead as his green eyes turned to the blue ones of his brother. The two had a stare down. Their fragile relationship was only slowly developing but neither of them could guarantee anything in it, largely because of Aster's pride and Frostbite's busy schedule.

"Fine, but only because I have nothing else to do, and I enjoy seeing you beg." Aster smirked.

"Great, thanks guys."

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"Uh, mom, dad, there's a thing that we have to do." Frostbite approached both his parents with his siblings behind him.

"What is it, honey?" Astrid looked at her son.

"We â€| kinda â€| have to go back in time on a mission." Frostbite said, sheepishly.

"Why the awkwardness, son?" Hiccup chuckled.

"We â€| might â€| not â€| necessarily â€| survive." Frostbite made no eye contact, while Aster face palmed and Val shook her head in disbelief.

Hiccup and Astrid looked at each other.

"Back in time you say â€| well, uh, you have to get back soon, all of you â€| it's your job isn't it son." Hiccup said, rather awkwardly, while his wife had the same pensive expression.

The three starred at their parents in absolute shock, and silently made their way to Aster's and Frostbite's room.

"I thought they were gonna put up more of a fight than that." Val said, when they were out of earshot.

"I know right?" Aster agreed with his only sister.

"We can't worry about that now, we have to prepare for tonight." Frostbite huffed and began to pack a bag. "Clothes, food, money, crown." He put the things into the Berk crested satchel. "Dagger â€| where's my dagger?" Frostbite looked around his desk.

"Oh, you mean this dagger?" Aster sat on his brother's bottom bunk and balanced the dagger's gold hilt on one finger.

Frostbite huffed in annoyance, and snatched the knife out of the warrior's hold. "This is not a joke, Aster. You saw what his thing was capable of." Frostbite took a stool and slashed the dagger against it, instantly the chair turned to black dust and flew away.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." Aster rolled his eyes. "Relax, bro, I'm not the clumsy type â€| that's your specialty."

Frostbite groaned and rolled his eyes. "Tonight, we travel back in time, keep the insults at bay."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Aster said sarcastically, and laughed.

2. Chapter 2

The six teenagers were at the Dragon Palace, waiting patiently as the blonde boy, at the head of their gang, muttered the incantation carved on the wall.

"Break open these stone doors_

To recite the past's course

Or open these walls to

Learn of the world of new."

The wall cracked over and a room appeared. The teenagers came into the room.

"Master, you might want to shield your friends, upon the moment when you begin to travel the room will blast in fire. The portal was meant for flammable beings." _The voice of the Nadder howled in his ear.

It was seconds before the-travelling-back-in-time began, Frostbite stretched his wings out of the, now modified, shirt of his, which

would allow him to grow the wings without the hazardous need of throwing his shirt off every time he needed to fly. He wrapped his wings around his friends, tightly holding them for dear life.

"Frost! What are youâ€|?!" Aster yelled being crushed by his brother's gooey wings.

Suddenly the sound of raging flames blew up the room and Aster forgot all about his protests.

The teenagers could feel how scorching hot Frostbite became from the blast. The said teenager was wincing at the heat, even being fireproof and used to a flame's cruel bites. The last thing they saw was darkness.

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Something was poking him on the head, and Aster swore if it didn't stop right now, he was going to pulverize it. Slowly, his ocean blue eyes opened. He was met by another pair of blue eyes, blonde hair and puzzled face.

Aster realised that it was a girl looking down at him. "Who are you?" She asked.

"The more important question is who are you?" He talked back, slowly getting up, he pulled out his axe, to defend himself.

She already had an axe in her hands, in a very stubborn stance. Seeing him as a threat she swung the axe at him, and he blocked her attack, and so the two locked in a deadly battle of the double bladed axes.

The axes clashed together, until Aster inspected more closely his opponent's axe. They were completely identical.

"Your axe, it's exactly the same to mine." He breathed out, sending another clash at the blonde girl. "That's impossible â€| my mother gave me this axe." He whispered, trying to find an explanation for this, while trying to block attacks from his opponent, who he had to admit was quite good. "Wait a minute â€| mom?!" He abundantly stopped his assault.

"What?!" She yelled in complete confusion.

"Is your name, by any chance, Astrid?" He cocked his head.

Indeed they looked much alike. Identical eyes, skin, facial features and by the looks of it, strength.

"Uh â€| yeah." She said completely baffled at how this strange boy knew her name.

"Perfect, brilliant, wonderful, Sweet Baby Thor in a Thunderdrum." Aster threw the axe to the sandy floor and looked around. His friends and siblings were scattered around the beach. Luckily, Frostbite was wingless and not on fire so maybe they wouldn't be banished instantly. "This probably gonna sound like the weirdest thing you have ever heard but we are from the future â€| and in the future, I'm

kinda your son."

She starred at him. "B-but that's impossible. You can't travel in time."

"Well, we look almost exactly like twins well minus the hair and my mother gave me the axe that you're holding for my tenth birthday. The time traveling part, though well, that's this guy's fault, him and his bad luck talent." Aster walked up to the blonde boy lying unconscious by the water and slapping him on the face a couple of times, until his green eyes began to open.

"Let me guess, Hiccup Haddock's son." She noticed how Aster winced when she said that sentence.

"Uh yeah, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III's only son." Aster tried to hide the anxiety in his voice.

"You mind telling me your name?"

"Typically Aster."

"So if I'm your mother then who is your father?" Astrid asked analysing the situation.

Aster ducked his head slightly, he was trying to hide the identity of his father so that he wouldn't accidentally change the event of history that gave him and his siblings' birth. He thought about it for a moment.

"I'll leave it as a surprise." He smiled when she gave him an annoyed expression. "Frost! Wake up!" He kicked his brother's stomach, to get him out of his unconsciousness.

"Ow! Wha-what's going on?" He sat up rubbing his head and clutching his stomach.

"Well done, Haddock! You brought us to the past where my mother is a teenager!" Aster had his back to Astrid and was winking at Frostbite, to get it. Luckily, Frostbite was a guy with a brain and figured out what was happening.

Frostbite starred at his teenage mother. "And I suppose my dad is a teenager too?"

"Well done, genius. Now how do we get back?" Aster walked over to Val.

"How am I supposed to know?" Frostbite turned out to be a pretty good actor.

"So who are the others?" Astrid looked at the other people lying on the ground.

"Uh, that's Spitlout quite self-explanatory, Snotlout's son the one over there is Rufflegs, also quite simple Ruffnut's and Fishleg's son that girl with the black hair is Anna, Tuffnut's adopted daughter and the red haired one is uh."

"My sister, Ingrid and your daughter." Aster cut in.

Valhammara, conclusively, took after Astrid, generally. Though she balanced her parent's characteristics, inside she was more Hofferson than Haddock, by appearance and because her clothes were similar to the ones Astrid wore as a teenager.

"I named my children after myself and my mother, didn't future husband take any part in naming you guys?" Astrid asked.

"Well he did, but if we tell you then you'd know who it is. Ingrid, Ingrid, sis, wake up." Aster nudged her, to wake up.

"Uh what?"

"Ingrid, we're in the past and our mom is a teenager â€‘ thanks to you, Haddock." Val looked confusedly between her two brothers.

"Will you stop blaming everything on me, Hofferson?" Frostbite got up, ignoring the glare from Astrid.

The two brothers awoke the others in record timing, hinting for them to be quite about their brother and sister hood. Seeing that these kids were from the future, and needed to be shown to the rest of the village, Astrid led them back to Berk.

"So why did you get me disowned by my own mother." Frostbite whispered sarcastically to Aster as all of them walked to the direction of the village, with Astrid leading the way, some distance away from them.

"Yeah, and I'm curious why my name is my middle name." Val walked up to her two brothers.

Aster looked around to make sure his friends could hear him but mother couldn't. "Guys, we're in the past, our parents â€‘ dislike each other, if we tell them that they have three children in â€‘ 6 years, we might not exist because we told them that they got married. So from now on, we are not related and we hate each other." He pointed to the Dragon King. "And your name is Ingrid. Oh and if any one asks, our father is a secret and to cover up our surname is Hofferson." He looked at the others. "You got guys got that?"

They nodded their yesses.

"Great, well at least I get dad. The awkwardness continues." Frostbite rolled his eyes.

3. Chapter 3

"Chief, you'll never guess who I found on the beach." Astrid walked up to the busy Chief who was in the Great Hall, talking to his best friend, Gobber the Belch.

"Who?" Stoic looked at her and the group of teenagers behind her.

"These teenagers claim to be from the future." Astrid said, looking in particular at her new found son and daughter.

Stoic's thick eye brows rose up to the highest point on his forehead that Astrid ever saw.

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"So, why the emergency meeting â€| for us?" Snotlout asked as he and his father walked into the Chief's house.

Astrid, the Twins, Fishlegs, Hiccup and all their parents were in the Chief's house waiting for whatever the Chief and Astrid had to say.

"It would appear that six people from the future woke up on our beach and were found by Astrid, here. These six people are the children of you six." Stoic pointed to the six teenagers.

"Pppbbb. You mean Useless had kids." Snotlout laughed.

"A son to be precise, and I don't appreciate you calling my dad 'Useless'." Frostbite's voice descended down the stairs, like the owner of it himself. Behind him came Aster, Val, Anna, Rufflegs and Spitlout.

"Whoa." The teenagers said in complete unison when they saw their future children come down, and vice versa.

"You look so different as teenagers." Aster examined the appearance of every past teenager.

"I can see you all have so much catching up to do, so why don't you all leave to your respective homes and talk." Stoic shooed all the adults and teenagers out of his house, with only Frostbite and Hiccup left. The Chief himself went out to pack up his belongings for the raid that he was about to carry out.

"Hey, dad." Frostbite said awkwardly walking up to Hiccup, holding out his hand. "My name is Frostbite â€| Frostbite Hiccup Haddock."

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III." Hiccup shook the hand.

"So, I'm guessing, you want me to tell you about your future a little bit?" Frostbite decided to break the awkwardness.

"Well, a hint on who your mother is, wouldn't hurt." Hiccup gestured to a chair, showing Frostbite to sit, while occupying a chair opposite him.

"I'll â€| leave that as a surprise, among other things." Frostbite smiled at his father's pouted expression. "Plus, if you knowing who she is, it could change the events of the future and might cause me to not exist."

"Can't blame you there. So what can you tell me?"

"Well, other than the fact that you have a son in six years from now, you become the Chief in about seven years. You actually make a pretty good Chief." Frostbite said the last part with bitterness.

"Butâ€| "

"You never â€| you're too busy â€| for your family." Frostbite said his father's greatest and only down side.

The two sat in silence for a moment.

"Well, how about I start making it up for that time." Hiccup said standing up.

Frostbite smiled. "What do you have in mind?"

"Last night, I shot down a Night Fury and no one believes me, so let's go explore the forest." Hiccup seemed a little too excited.

"Uh â€| great â€| yeah â€| let's go." Frostbite said rather reluctantly, he grabbed his satchel, with his dagger and crown in it, and followed his father.

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"Great, so what are we gonna do now? How are we supposed to look for Herod the Sorcerer if our parents are watching our every step?" Aster and the group rounded up in a street corner, after they told their parents an explainable part of their future. Poor Rufflegs had to hover between the Ingermans and Thorstons, his father and mother, to explain about himself. "And without 'His Majesty'?" The last two words were meant for sarcasm.

"Well maybe if we wait for Frostbite to show up we'll think of something." Val hushed him.

"This is wrong. You and I are the future Chiefs of Berk so we should make the decisions."

"Frostbite brought us to the past, so it's his responsibility." Anna slapped the back of the brown haired head.

"Where is he anyway?" Snotlout said.

"Oh great we lost him." Rufflegs deadpanned.

"He's probably with dad." Val said, looking up to the Chief's house.

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"Great. Most people lose a mug or their knife, no not me, I managed to lose an entire dragon." Hiccup groaned after slamming the notebook shut and slapped a tree branch, which would have hit him in the eye if Frostbite didn't catch it with his quick-reflexes, after yet another dragon-free location on Berk. "Whoa, how did you...?"

"Doesn't matter, look." Frostbite pointed to the knocked down tree.

Hiccup's gaze turned to the knocked down tree, he walked down a massive trail left by something, something really big. Hiccup almost

ran down it, while Frostbite followed slower and more cautiously. Hiccup looked over the cliff edge and instantly ducked back down, as if he saw a ghost.

Frostbite was immediately by his side. There was a Night Fury tightened in a bola trap.

"You did it, dad. You shot down a Night Fury â€| Now go kill it to please your father. But look into his eyes before you pierce the dagger into his heart ... Whatever you decide to do, I will always support you in your decisions, I am after all your son." Frostbite pulled out his dagger and handed it to Hiccup, who looked completely baffled. "Just touch the blade, it's â€| poisonous."

Nodding and shacking, Hiccup took the dagger and made his way to the Night Fury.

"I'm gonna kill you dragon, I'm gonna take your heart out and take it to my father. Because I'm a Viking. I'M A VIKING!" He yelled to the green-eyed beast. He lifted the dagger high in the air to strike the pitch black scales. Hiccup's eyes peeked to look at the feeble green ones of the dragon. He saw fear, weakness and defencelessness. Sighing in defeat, Hiccup lowered the dagger. "I did this." He whispered. "I can't do it." He looked at his son.

"You shot it down, you decide what happens." Frostbite looked into his father's eyes.

Hiccup turned to leave, but then turned to the Night Fury â€| and cut the ropes. To his own surprise, as soon as the blade touched the ropes, they turned to black dust and flew away into the air.

As soon as the dragon was free, it pinned Hiccup to the ground. It used to be at his mercy, now it was Hiccup who was at its mercy. The black dragon eyed Hiccup then let out a roar to smash Hiccup's ear drums. With that done, it flew away, rather awkwardly.

Frostbite helped his father up, who was too shocked to stand up. "Come on, dad, let's get out of here." His father was absolutely speechless. "You did the right thing, dad. Your about to change 300 years of violent history â€| that's all your getting out of me."

4. Chapter 4

Stoic let the teenagers from the future to stay in the Guest House, while they were in the past. The teenagers spent the rest of the night trying to think where Herod the Sorcerer would be.

"He has to be somewhere near Dragon Island, but also quite isolated." Frostbite pointed to a group island near Dragon Island. "I say we take a closer look at those islands."

"How are we going to get there, genius?" Aster asked. "We have no dragons to ride, well except you, but I doubt you can carry all of us and we can't get boat either."

"Yeah and just how are we going to know if it's the right guy we're looking for?" Spitlout asked.

Frostbite drummed his fingers on the table a couple times, an annoying habit he had, when thinking. "Wait, we have plenty of time here. Viking and Dragon peace will be made in about one month, after that we can persuade our parents to help us."

"So what are we gonna do in the mean time?" Anna asked.

"â€œGet to know our parents as teenagers â€œ so we can pester our normal parents about it in the future." Aster joked, making everyone laugh.

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"Hey guys, you awake?!" Snotlout yelled walking into the Guest House, with Astrid, Fishlegs and the Twins following his lead.

"There they are." Fishlegs pointed to the largest room where there was the fireplace.

The future-teenagers were all asleep, warmed by the extinguished fire. But what baffled the gang was how they were positioned. Frostbite was leaning against a pole, on his lap rested Val's head, his shoulder supported Aster's head, who sat with his arms crossed on his chest. Anna, Rufflegs and Spitlout were all independently stationed around the fire pit.

"Uh, why are your kids and Hiccup's son sleeping together?" Tuffnut whispered to Astrid.

"How am I supposed to know?" Astrid hissed back. "Well lets wake them up â€œ How do we do that?"

"Ooh, I know â€œ DRAGON ATTACK!" Snotlout screamed the last part, but the only one to wake up was Frostbite, whose head just lost balance on the pole and caused him to wake up.

"How can they sleep through that?" Fishlegs voiced his thoughts.

"Sleep through what?" Frostbite asked yawning and wiping his eyes.

"This â€œ DRAGON ATTACK!" Tuffnut took the advantage of yelling.

Once again, no one moved.

"Yeah that won't work, try â€œ DRAGON TRAINING!" That was when the others woke in a jolt, except for Aster and Val. "You're kidding me, right?" Frostbite realised that he and his siblings were not supposed to be discovered as relatives, yet they were sleeping on his lap and shoulder. "Uh, I don't remember how they got here â€œ uh, sleep walking probably." Frostbite clicked his fingers in front of Val's face and shoving Aster awake.

Val yawned and slowly got up. "What's going on?"

"You're sleeping on me." Frostbite said still trying to awake Aster.

"So whatâ€! Oh sorry, thought you were Aster for a minute." Val rubbed her eyes, realising that she was so close to having to explain a lot of things.

"More like the night â€! Oh for the love of Thor, Aster get up already!"

Astrid became suspicious of the mysterious relationship between her children and Hiccup's son. She looked from Aster to Frostbite, who were now bickering and shoving each other, Aster a little more violently than Frostbite. Something about their argument, made Astrid's eye twitch. Their argument sounded more like a play-fight, like the ones Ruff and Tuff had all too often. Astrid eyed the two bickering boys for a few moments, suspiciously, then lifted her intense gaze.

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The village's warriors had left for the Dragon Nest Search, and Stoic was too stubborn and caught up in his own thoughts to ask the kids from the future if the search would be successful or not, nor did he listen when one of the teens, Frostbite in particular, tried to tell him.

Right now, the six teenagers from the future were looking into the Dragon Arena, the first day of Dragon Killing Training. Of course, all the future-teens knew how this was gonna end, but it never hurt to see the humorous battle, live.

"I believe in learning on the job." Gobber pulled the leaver to release a deranged Gronkle.

"Meatlug." The future-teenagers whispered among themselves. They winced when Meatlug blew up one of their parents or the Gronkle got confused.

The Gronkle pinned Hiccup to the wall and was about to fire.

"HEY! WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?! " Frostbite yelled from the stands to the Gronkle, to buy his father some time to get out. It worked apparently, the Gronkle turned around to face him and shot the last shot at him. "Who isn't me."

On instinct, Aster jumped on Frostbite, making both of them fall to the ground and dodge the blast.

"Well done, genius, you almost blew your cover of being fire-proof." Aster hissed getting off his brother. "Play along. YOU IDIOT! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!"

"MY DAD WAS ABOUT TO GET BARBERQUED! I'M SURE IF YOUR DAD WAS IN THE SAME SITUATION YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!"

The future-teens smirked at his argument.

"WELL I WOULD AT LEAST DUCK WHEN A DRAGON SHOOTS MOLTEN LAVA AT ME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE CHIEF WOULD HAVE DONE IF 'HIS PRECIOUS LITTLE SON' GOT KILLED BEFORE HE'S BORN!"

Frostbite just rolled his eyes.

5. Chapter 5

"Thanks for the save." Hiccup thanked his son when they exited the Arena.

"Eh, you did the same for me like a bazillion times. It feels good to repay your parents at least once." Frostbite joked.

"You get into trouble with dragons a lot, huh?"

"I'm your son aren't I?" Frostbite shrugged, he looked at his father who looked like he was deep in thought. "What is it?"

"Just something Gobber told me in the Arena today. How the dragon always goes for the kill, so why didn't that Night Fury?"

"Let's find out shall we?" The two came into town and turned to the woods.

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"Great, Frost gets to see how dad befriends Toothless, while we have to watch from the side lines as our dad rises to being the most famous Viking in History." Aster mumbled as the other teens sat on a bench watching as the two blacksmiths run off into the woods.

"When are you gonna give Frost a break?" Val slapped her brother's head.

"When we are gonna break the news that Astrid Hofferson and Hiccup Haddock are actually married and have three children not two or one." Aster hissed.

"Aw, that's really cute, you like having Frostbite in your family, and you don't like it that your not brothers. This is a day I'm never going to forget." Anna said, laughing.

"No! I just don't like the prospect that my mom thinks she's get married and have kids with some other guy other than my actual father."

"Keep talking." Val smirked.

"Shut up."

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"Why won't it just fly away?" Hiccup asked, looking at the Night Fury, desperately trying to get out of the Cove, in which it was trapped in.

"Look on the tail, dad." Frostbite pointed to the half tailfin.

"I did that, didn't I?"

"Yeah."

Hiccup looked guilty and in the midst of this, dropped the charcoal pen he was holding. The Night Fury, obviously, noticed that, and looked curiously at the two boys.

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Hiccup and Frostbite came into the great hall, completely drenched in water thanks to the storm outside. All the teenager, both past and future, were there, eating and reflecting on the performance in Dragon Training.

Hiccup and Frostbite took a seat opposite each other on other table taking their food on the way. Gobber was lecturing them about how they did wrong in the ring today.

Aster and Val looked at the form of their father and brother, with guilty expressions, then looked at each other and silently agreed on their thoughts.

"You guys read. I'll go kill stuff." Snotlout said, getting up and heading out of the Great Hall.

"Hey, wait up."

"Yeah, me too."

"I better make sure they don't."

"And there's this other dragon that buries itself in rocks."

"Yeah, I know the Whispering Death, isn't it, dad."

Anna looked back at Frostbite. The Dragon King smiled and gestured her to go with them.

And like that, almost all the teens left the hall. The past-teens to kill stuff and the future-teens so that they actually don't kill anything. The only people left in the hall now was Astrid, Aster, Val, Hiccup and Frostbite.

"The whole family in one place, what do you know." Val whispered to Aster.

"What was that?" Astrid noticed them whispering.

"Nothing, mom." Val quickly said, before something would be suspected, unfortunately, Astrid Hofferson, was one to be suspicious.

"So I guess, we'll shareâ€|" A drenched Hiccup walked up to Astrid, gesturing to the book.

"Read it." Astrid got up and made her way out of the Great Hall. "You two coming?" She looked at her son and daughter.

"Nah, we'd rather read the Book of Dragons becauseâ€|" Val attempted to make up an excuse.

"Because someone's stupid invention burnt the one in our time." Aster glared at Frostbite.

"Hey, that was one time, a mild calibration issue of the flame-thrower, come on." Frostbite defended himself. In return Aster rolled his eyes.

"Suit yourself. Just don't get to close to him." Astrid pointed to Hiccup, who jolted back a bit in fear.

"Maybe you should have thought of that when you decided to make him our dad." Val whispered to Aster who smirked. "Don't worry, mom."

Astrid left.

"Smooth, dad." Frostbite said when she was out of earshot, receiving a glare from his father.

Val went after some light while Aster sat beside Frostbite, and after deciding he did not have enough space, he began to shove him, which started yet another shoving war.

"Argh, not this again." Val groaned, as she brought a candle and sat next to Hiccup who was in the awkward situation of sitting on the side lines of a feud. "Grow up, you two."

"Yeah, like that will ever happen." Frostbite said, completely shoving Aster off the bench.

"Well, for one thing that we agree on." Aster pulled Frostbite to the floor, wrestling and punching him.

"So, why do those two hate each other?" Hiccup asked Val, while watching his son defending himself against Aster, pretty impressively he could add.

"They've always been rivals. Don't ask why, because I have no idea. Personally, I never saw what they could have been rivalling about."

"What are you talking about? Why wouldn't they be rivalling?"

"I don't know, to me, if we went back to the past, when we were children, I would have changed their relationship above anything, they would have been the best of friends if they weren't so blinded by rivalry. In the future, their arguments give a really big headache for pretty much the whole village, especially you."

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"Who's your father?" With that question, Frostbite and Aster stopped in their fight in the midst of Aster punching Frostbite. Hiccup watched as the two boys resumed their seat beside their table. The three looked pensively at each other. "Guys, if it's a sensitive topic, you don't have to answer the question, it's none of my business anyway."

"No, no!" Aster stopped him before he could carry on. "It is kind of your business because you are mine and Val's

father."

"WHAT?!" Hiccup fell off his bench in shock.

"You all of ours father. Do you not see the family resemblance?" Val laughed at his expression when he looked at her dark red hair.

"How is that possible? What do you mean by 'Val', I thought your name was Ingrid? Why didn't you say anything?" Hiccup speed talked being helped up by Val to get up.

"One question at a time, dad." Frostbite laughed.

"It's possible because, quite soon you win the heart of our mother, Astrid Hofferson." Aster began.

"Number two, my name in Valhammara, you named me after your mother, but if I said my name, it would have been obvious who my dad is." Val explained.

"And finally, everyone kept quiet because, if our mom found out that you're her future husband, that would have â€œ not have taken the best affect, and there's a chance that we wouldn't exist." Frostbite explained, trying to be straightforward.

It took the whole evening for Hiccup to digest the whole new information of him actually having three children and that he gets married to Astrid. At the end of the conversation, the four skimmed through each dragon and finally gave into their tiredness.

6. Chapter 6

Next day was dragon training. As before, the future teenagers were in the stands watching their parent's performance. They were up against a Nadder. Hiccup was in the midst of questioning Gobber about Night Furies. The teenagers, Aster and Val in particular, winced when the Nadder was hit or further annoyed, the only person that was able to keep a still face was Frostbite.

The point reached when Astrid jumped off the falling wall and landed on Hiccup, ending up in a very uncomfortable position.

The future teenagers blew off laughing, except Frostbite, Aster and Val, who all shared the same dead panned look towards their counterparts.

"Oh shut up." Aster said, flushing red.

"I'm just laughing at the irony." Spitlout laughed. "And to think this is where you three came in? I thought this happens in six years' time." He said in the quietest voice he could, but trying to laugh at the same time.

"Watch it, Jorgenson." Val threatened him, drawing a fist to his face.

Frostbite looked back into the Arena, where his mother had whacked the Nadder away and was yelling at his father. In the future, he had never saw his parents fight much, so this was a rare sight to behold.

She walked off, leaving Hiccup on the ground, completely disheartened.

"Wow that was harsh." Anna whispered to Frostbite, standing right next to him.

Frostbite didn't answer, he walked into the Arena and offered his hand to his father, who smiled and took it gladly.

"Thanks."

"Don't worry, I can safely say that in your future married life, this sort of thing, doesn't happen too often."

"Huh, at least you have a sense of humour."

"Ha, ha, ha, good one." Frostbite laughed unenthusiastically.

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Hiccup, Frostbite, Aster and Val walked to the Cove, Hiccup holding a fish that he was planning to give as a peace offering for the dragon, if he didn't become the offering himself. When they reached the landing itself, Hiccup crept down, while his children sat on the edge to watch.

"Aren't you coming?" Hiccup looked up at the three.

Aster and Val looked like they were about to say something, but they were cut off before they could. "This is a bond that you have to make by yourself, and we can't interfere." Frostbite said, with a stern voice.

"You know who you sound like, that old man who pops his face in our fireplace every now and again." Aster crossed his arms, taking a seat next to his brother.

"Go on, it's perfectly safe." Val urged him on.

Watching for hours how their father bonded with his dragon, the three teens understood why their father was the most attached to his dragon than any other Viking on Berk.

Frostbite's intense green eyes watched as his father changed Viking History forever.

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"And with one twist he took hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look in his face, I was delicious. He must have passed the word because it wasn't a month before another took my leg." Most of the past and future teens oohed, except Frostbite and Hiccup, who heard this about a bazillion times, Aster and Val had to fake the oohing, because they too had to hear this same story the same number of times.

"Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon, like if your mind was still in control of it, you could have killed the dragon from the inside, by crushing its heart or

something?"

Everyone starred at Fishlegs with blank expressions, while Rufflegs looked the other way with his hand covering his face, in a gesture as if he didn't know his father, even though he was sitting right next to it.

"I swear I'm so angry right now. I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight with my face."

Spitlout visibly paled when his father said that.

"Uh huh, it's the wings and the tails ya really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon." Frostbite noticed the inspired look on Hiccup's face, and so did Aster and Val, who made eye contact with him.

Hiccup gestured for Frostbite to follow him and the two boys escaped the Catapult Tower, to the Forge.

"Wow your mom let you get a tattoo?" Frostbite heard Fishlegs say in awe.

"It's not a tattoo, it's a birth mark."

"Uh, I've been stuck with you since birth and that was never there before."

"And I've been stuck with you almost since my births and I've had the torture of you being my father to tell me about every battle scar you ever got â€| please don't make me relive the experience â€| that is a tattoo."

Seeing how she humiliated her brother, Ruffnut high-fived her niece.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and huffed, as he and his son went down to the Forge.

Astrid noted their absence, she looked over the edge of the Catapult to see two small black figures run to the Forge, talking to each other, and it looked like they were debating.

"I can safely bet my axe, they're debating about a new idea that's probably doing to destroy half the village." Aster came up to her.

"And this is important becauseâ€|?" Astrid asked him.

"We three need to talk." Val walked up to her mother and brother.

The three walked down the Catapult Tower. "I think it's time that you learn a couple of things." Aster said, his blue eyes fixed forward. "That will be really useful in the future."

"What is it that you hate about Hiccup?" Val asked an innocent question, completely taking Astrid by surprise.

"What are you talking about? He's a failure, he can't lift an axe, and he keeps tripping under everyone's feet, should I continue?"

"Tell us, how many of those things are his fault?" Aster spoke.

"He keeps tripping under everyone's feet because | well | because he's clumsy by nature. He can't lift an axe | because he's | way too frail and weak | and he's a failure | just because he is."

"Mom, have you ever thought that the reason to why he gets underneath everyone's feet. He's trying to prove himself to the people who never listened to him and have always despised him. He can't lift an axe, that's true, but he has a brain and unlike most people in the village, he knows how to use it. He's a failure because well| why do you think he is a failure?" Val did a speech to her mother. "He's trying to kill dragons just like any other villager, his brains make up for his lack of strength, and so do his inventions. His determination is driven to redeem himself by the village. Just like you try to redeem our family name of Hofferson. Face it, mom, you're exactly the same | you are one."

Astrid Hofferson just huffed in annoyance and proceeded to the seclusion of her home. The two teenagers watched as she step off to her house.

"How can she still not get that he's our dad, after that many clues?" Val asked the brunet boy, who shrugged and made his way towards the Guest House.

7. Chapter 7

Frostbite and Hiccup modelled the tail together. A father and son spent time together, the time that they never did have for each other. Frostbite had to admit, it was awesome. Spending quality time with his old man for the first time in his life, was in his top 3 favourite feeling in the world, after flying and | Anna.

"Dad, connecting rod will have to be angular."

"I think I know what I'm doing."

The next day, when Frostbite, Hiccup, Aster and Val went to the Cove to try out the tail, Hiccup ended up in the water, with Aster and Val cracking up in laughter and Frostbite looking at his father with a 'I told you' look on his face.

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"This is the part where our dad shocks the entire world." Aster boasted in his normal attitude.

"He cheated, that doesn't count." Rufflegs said back.

"Cheated, didn't, who cares, he shoved that Zippelback back into its cage in fear."

"Laugh at Barf and Belch again, and I swear that will be that last

noise you ever make." Anna threatened. "Besides, I'd like to see Acidbreath's reaction to eels." She joked, once again, humiliating Aster and making Frostbite blow up in laughter.

"Oh shut up." Aster muttered, rolling his eyes.

As expected by the future-teenagers, Hiccup forced the Zippleback into the cage, stunning everyone else in the arena with shock.

"Ok, so are we done â€¢ because I have some things I need to â€¢ yep, uh see you tomorrow." Hiccup raced out of the Academy, as if his life depended on it and given a welcomed gesture from his son, who slapped his shoulder.

"Nice going, dad."

-000-

The father and son worked on the saddles and when the four went to the Cove to test them out, Hiccup received new knowledge about the dragons, which he would be able to use during Dragon Training, just by observing the Night Fury.

"Argh, the saddle will never work like that, when will you see that a stirrup will never work, why are you so stubborn?!" Hiccup yelled, after his son had pushed forward same crazy design for the hundredth time.

"I take after you, remember?"

Another one of Hiccup's ideas landed him into a field of grass. And an unexpected trip to the river. And a number of other different places, until Hiccup gave up one afternoon, walked into the Forge, where Frostbite was sitting with his feet on the table, reading through a piece of paper. Hiccup, with a deadpanned face, soaking clothes and an exhausted posture, grabbed the design paper in his son's grip and looked through it.

"Your actually gonna use this design?" Frostbite was shocked beyond measurement.

"Don't think that this was my idea, but Toothless seems to be pushing it." Hiccup collected the right amount of metals from the scraps that lay around the room.

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"Hiccup! You in here?" Astrid walked to the Forge in the search for the black-smith.

Behind the shutters, Hiccup, Aster, Val and Frostbite starred at each other in horror. Hiccup was stuck to Toothless, if Aster or Val got out of the Forge to greet their mother, she would ultimately keep a stern eye on both of them, so that left Frostbite.

The blonde boy jumped out of the Forge and immediately shut the shutters behind him.

"Mâ€¢iss â€¢ Hofferson, what are you doing here?" Frostbite stammered. He couldn't believe he was calling his own mother by her

maiden name and by 'miss'.

She looked at him oddly. "I normally don't care what people do, but you and your â€| father â€| are acting weird." There was a yelp inside the Forge. "Well weirder."

"I know that you and my dad don't exactly get along, so I suggest that you don't get in his way and he won't get in your way."

Inwardly, Frostbite smiled, he got his mother more intrigued in how Hiccup managed to get to the top of Dragon Training, and so she would get more suspicious â€| and the rest was hers and Hiccup's business.

"Listen, you don't tell me what to do."

Frostbite heard the flapping of wings, signalling that his father, sister and brother were probably gone. Astrid pushed past him and looked into the Forge, to find it empty.

"Let's take a walk, you and I need to have a word." Frostbite grabbed her wrist and pulled her to the forest. Surprisingly, he had a very strong grip. For the first time, Astrid looked into his green eyes â€| the copies of Hiccup's, they were somewhat â€| hypnotic and Astrid somehow had to follow him to the forest. Thank you, Changewing, for your hypnotizing abilities.

"What's this about? I have to get home."

"And yet, you going home, didn't stop you from almost killing my dad." Frostbite chuckled. "I'm concerned that you â€| of all people, care too much for strength â€| that you have forgotten all about â€| compassion, forgiveness, friendship and most importantly love."

"Who are you to tell me this?" Astrid crossed her arms.

"Someone who knows you, quite well." Frostbite hopped on a couple of stones to pass a river. "I'm from the future, remember?"

"â€| so what? Compassion, friendship and love are weaknesses. They don't belong to the qualities of a Viking, a true Viking."

"So what makes a true Viking?" Frostbite asked.

"Strength, courage, bravery, fearlessness, skill. Isn't it obvious?"

"Hm. I want to add crazy to that list. Look, when you get back to the village, I want you to look for a single Viking that fit all of those qualities. Strong, courageous, brave, fearless and skilful. And ask if he has any more, and what they are?"

"Then what?"

"Well, you'll find your true Viking. When you find him, come back to me."

"Is that it?"

"Yeah. I just had to get it off my chest. Good nightâ€|" Frostbite seated himself on a rock and watched as his mother walked off to the

village, at a slow pace, thinking about what he said. "Mom." He whispered.

8. Chapter 8

A single ship, from the massive fleet, returned to the village, carrying all the surviving Viking warriors. The past-teens, except for Hiccup, greeted their parents, while the future-teens, minus Aster, Val and Frostbite sat on the cliff above the docks and watched as their grandparents returned safely.

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Hiccup and Toothless soared through the skies, with the three siblings watching them from below.

"You know, they're gonna fall from the sky and almost crash into a gorge of sea stacks, right?" Aster said casually, inspecting his fingers, leaning against a rock.

"We know that!" Val and Frostbite yelled in unison, not lifting their gaze from the small black dot in the sky.

"Then why are you starring at them like your life depends on it?"

"I, personally, am enjoying the view of dad being ... imperfect." Frostbite smiled.

"I worry for a hobby." Val admitted.

Then they saw it. Even Aster looked up. Hiccup fell from the sky, spiralling in several different direction and being whacked by Toothless' tail a couple of times. His small frame was difficult to notice, but the brothers and sister clearly saw him. Then he saddled the Night Fury and flew into the sea stacks, as expected. Several quick-times manoeuvres and pure luck got the pair out of the deadly gorge, allowing Frostbite and Val to release their taken in breaths.

Aster smirked at them. "We knew they were gonna get out of there. Why do you still act so surprised?"

"Knowing that they get out alive and seeing them get out alive are two completely different things." Frostbite said, watching as his father and Toothless flew into a ball of fire, casually.

-000-

"Dad, the warriors have come back from the voyage and so has your father." Frostbite told his father, after they arrived back to the Cove.

"Great." Hiccup huffed, unsaddled Toothless and the four went into the village.

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"Guys, we really need to start looking for Herod." Aster told his siblings as they left the Forge, after being shooed away by the Chief.

"Would you relax, the Battle with the Red Death will happen in about 2 days. Let's have a vacation, for once in a while." Val yawned and stretched.

"Frost? You brought us here, what do your dragon powers say." Aster turned to the blonde.

Frostbite closed his eyes and focused on hearing the dragons inside of him.

"_Master, you should start looking for the Sorcerer. But you shouldn't leave without your friends. Be patient._" The Whispering Death's voice hissed in his head, causing him a head ache. This dragon's voice always did that, and caused him to clutch his head in pain, whenever it spoke.

"Frost? You alright?" Val, immedately by his side, asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. We stick to the old plan, we wait for the peace between Dragons and Vikings."

-000-

"So, the Dragon King is visiting the past. This should be entertaining." A dark figure, cloaked in black, salt and pepper goatee and penetrating blue eyes, stood over a glass sphere. "Make preparations!" He shouted to the red Terrible Terror nearest to him. At once, with fear in its eyes, it flew off. "I need to see this boy's history!"

Let me see this boy's past

Every single fact

Tell me his fears and dares

So he will bleed in tears.

The old man muttered his spell, while moving his hands in a sequence of positions, circling the crystal orb.

Smoke blew inside of the large glass sphere, images of the Dragon King formed out of the grey smoke. They shifted every couple of seconds. Small snippets of his past, entertained the old man's blue eyes. From the moment he was born to the moment he was living right now.

"An emotionally unstable Dragon King, should be interesting." Herod the Sorcerer smiled, sitting back into his chair, with his brain absorbing the new information presented to him.

-000-

It was the battle that would decide the one who slayed the Monstrous Nightmare in front of the entire village, in the name of honour. It was Hiccup against Astrid. Their children watched in horror as Astrid

threatened their father, while their friends, didn't seem to care that their uncle was about to get murdered by his own future wife.

"MOM! PLEASE DON'T KILL HIM!" Aster yelled. "WE LIKE OUR FUTURE CHIEF!"

Hiccup looked up at him with a deadpanned look. He turned to Astrid and found that she was already shifting towards the Gronkle, which by the way, was making a beeline towards him. Within seconds, the Gronkle was on the ground, feet in the air, tongue rolled out, a puppy dog in everything but shape.

The three siblings ducked their heads at the same time when they witnessed their mother going crazy with the axe, swinging it in all directions.

"Guys, remind me to never get on her bad side." Val whispered to her two brothers, on either side of her.

Frostbite and Aster nodded simultaneously, watching their mother, with open mouths.

The elder decided that Hiccup should be the one to slay the Monstrous Nightmare. Astrid went from furious to seething. Hiccup looked at her in fear, then was lifted in the air by the other past-teens.

"That's my boy." Stoic punched the air.

Frostbite looked at his grandfather. Hiccup won for all the wrong reasons and he, personally, hated it when someone called him 'His father's boy or son or copy or whatever', it made him feel not his own person. That quote always pressured him, it always made him get confused with being himself or trying to be Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. Thankfully he was pointed to the direction of being himself.

"Great. I'm so relieved! I'm so â€|"

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"â€|Leaving. We're leaving. Let's pack up. Looks like you, me and Frostbite are taking a little vacation â€| forever." Hiccup was still confused to why his other two children refused to go, but seeing that they had their mother, he wasn't too worried.

Frostbite, of course, knew that neither of them were going anywhere, so he wasn't too bothered about packing up his belongings, but just to reassure his father, he brought his satchel.

"What do you think? How long will it take for someone to discover that either of us are missing?" Hiccup turned around to Frostbite, who was looking around the Cove, in search for the Night Fury.

"Let's see, if something doesn't blow up in the Forge for the next couple of hours, they will get suspicious." Frostbite didn't look in his father's direction, knowing that his mother was already sitting on the stone.

"Hm." Hiccup said before looking up the stone to find Astrid sitting on it, sharpening her axe. "Whoa" What the? What-what are you doing here?" He looked to Frostbite for support. The blonde boy was now running up to his parent's teenage form.

"What are you doing here?" Frostbite asked softly, trying to sound surprised. He was given a glance from his father which clearly said '_I know she's your mother but help me out here', in the few milliseconds that he saw it.

"I wanna know what's going on. No one, just me gets as good as you do. Start talking." She swung the blade of her axe dangerously close to Hiccup's throat. "Are you training with someone? It better not involve this." She pulled on the harness that was on Hiccup, then turned to Frostbite, who stood emotionlessly facing his mother. "And what are you doing here?"

"Gee, wow, how strange that a father and son have some bonding time." Frostbite rolled his eyes, resurrecting surprise into Astrid, at how he wasn't afraid of her. She would have thought that in the future she would terrify him, because of her treatment of his father. Her shock was dismissed, and her eyes turned to Hiccup, who was looking around worriedly.

"I know this looks bad, but this is me uh." A growl came out of nowhere, and Astrid found it necessary to explore, and so she pulled him to the ground. "Your right, your right. I'm through with the lies me!"

Frostbite watched with amusement as his father tried to convince his mother of not going there. He held back laugh when Astrid threw herself on Hiccup after seeing the Night Fury and trying to shield both of them. Maybe, just maybe, mom had feelings for dad before the flight even.

"Uh, Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid." Hiccup introduced them, sheepishly, then looked at his son for support, but the blonde boy just hand his hand over mouth and was holding back the laughter.

Astrid ran away. To tell the whole village. To tell that Hiccup was a traitor. To tell the future-teenagers that they failed on their mission, even before it began.

"Duh, duh, duh, we're dead." Hiccup deadpanned. Toothless decided to wobble off to the exit of the Cove. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?" Hiccup waved his arms in the air.

"Dad, go after her. If you don't, you have no idea how history will change." Frostbite's expression turned back to serious, after the silent fit of laughter.

9. Chapter 9

"Where are your parents?" Anna asked, when she noted Frostbite sitting down by the fire place with the rest of them, wearing a smirk.

Frostbite put his elbows behind his head, closed his eyes and smiled.

"Makin' history â€| and falling in love." Aster and Val gave him a look. "Great news, siblings, we are going to be born, one day or another. The rest of you, I have no idea."

"Wow, that's real comforting." Rufflegs groaned, slouching.

"Relax, coz, Uncle Fishlegs and Aunt Ruffnut had a crush on each other since the day they found out that in the future, they have you." Anna playfully punched her annoyed looking cousin. It was true, Fishlegs and Ruffnut would blush at the mention of their son or that they would end up marrying, after they found Rufflegs.

"Easy for you to say, your presence here doesn't affect your existence. You wash up on Berk eventually and Uncle Tuffnut adopts you." Rufflegs groaned.

There was a moment of silence. "Well, my existence is assured, my dad gets arranged to a marriage, to my mother. So good to know ya."

"Why are we having this conversation? As long as we follow the story line we're all gonna exist." Frostbite shot up, with the thought of not having one of his friends existing.

"The only ones whose existence is not secure, is us three. Our mom doesn't know that our dad is the guy she is probably hugging right now." Val said, concluding what everyone was thinking.

"And whose fault is that?" Frostbite glared at his brother.

"Hey, I made sure that we at least have a chance to be born. Do you have any idea what would happen if our mom found that who our dad is beforehand?!" Aster stood up in a challenging position against his older brother.

Frostbite signed. "â€|Yeah. But she's developing feelings right now, hopefully, so why can't we just tell her?!"

"Exactly, she's 'developing feeling', she's not sure what they are right now." Val supported the younger of the two brothers.

Frostbite signed in defeat and sat down. Right now, he wanted nothing more than to tell Astrid that he too was her son.

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Spitlout woke up first that morning. The morning of the Final Exam. Where his uncle would have to murder his father's future dragon, Hookfang. His brown eyes blew out open when his brain finally realised what the day was.

"Guys! Wake up! It's Morning!" He yelled.

"'Lout â€| come on â€| why is that so important â€| five more minutes." Aster groaned, half asleep, his head resting on his sister's lap.

"Wake up, Haddock! It's your dad's final exam!" Spitlout yelled to his cousin, grabbing him by the collar and physically shaking the boy awake.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, what?" Aster rubbed his head and whipping his eyes.

"It's morning, it's your dad up against Hookfang!"

At once the ocean blue eyes blasted wide open and the two cousins immediately began to wake up the rest of the party.

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The village assembled in its many numbers, waiting for the best student of the Academy, to come out and draw a sword through the Monstrous Nightmare's heart. The best student himself, just stood at the gates of the arena, watching as his father sat on his throne.

All the teens were in the audience, waiting for the battle to begin.

"What happens when Hookfang goes on a rampage and wants to roast mom and dad?" Frostbite whispered to Aster, in the quietest tone he could manage.

"I'm trying to unscrew the bolts here, so both of us jump into the arena to save them." Aster informed him, from his crouching position, stealthily brushing his fingers against the pole.

"Don't know if you've noticed, but I can't fight Hookfang without revealing my dragon abilities."

"Our parents will get roasted, I don't know if you noticed but that could affect our very existance." Aster hissed back. He turned to Val. "Sis, if we jump in, don't go after us. I am serious."

"I established that, just make sure you don't die before you're born both of you." She eyed both her brothers, who nodded, afraid of her slightly.

The cage was opened with the Nightmare crashing out, its body aflame, roaring in anger at his long imprisonment. All the future-teen's throats dried, watching as Hiccup stood at the centre of the arena. The flaming beast ran around the arena's chains, shooting fire at some of the villagers, its eyes narrowing at Frostbite in particular, lingering on the spot for a second.

The yellow and green eyes met for mere seconds, making Frostbite stumble back a little, from the intense gaze. "Help me!" They whispered in the back of the King's mind. Then the beast sped off to the centre of the arena.

"What did he say?" Spitlout whisper-asked his cousin, knowing that the dragon talked to him.

"He's asking for help." Frostbite whispered, guilt over-looming him.

The confrontation between Hiccup and the Nightmare began. While Vikings chanted his name to kill the Nightmare, Hiccup simply denounced his Viking heritage. He outstretched his palm to touch the Nightmare's snout- BANG! His father's hammer clashed against the

metal, provoking the deadly beast.

Panic stroke everybody, as the Nightmare charged after the scrawny boy. Astrid was already in the arena, throwing a hammer at the Nightmare, while Aster fiddled with the metal rod.

Frostbite, losing patience, just kicked the metal bar and with one kick, it left a massive dent, large enough for the two brothers to squeeze through. Aster jumped onto the back of Nightmare, grabbing the horns in an attempt to ride the untamed dragon, and possibly use the old technique of bending the horns to the ground.

"Aster! Get off the dragon!" Frostbite yelled.

"Relax! I know what I'm doing!" Aster yelled back, the Nightmare then slammed its head into the wall, squashing Aster with it. Frostbite took this as his queue he ran up the Nightmare's body jumped off its head and clung to the metal bars of the ceiling, hanging on the wall, outstretching a palm and closing his eyes.

"_Calm down, please don't panic, if you calm down, then I promise you will be freed." _Frostbite attempted to connect his mind with the dragons, and slowly the red beast let go of Aster. "_That's right, back off. I, your King, command you to calm down and obey me. Go to your cage, and I promise you will be freed after that."_

The Nightmare proceed to do as it was told. The village gasped at Frostbite's abilities. Aster starred at his brother, rubbing his shoulder. Beads of sweat poured off the boy as he focused, and the bond strengthened.

WHAP! The Chief would take none of this nonsense and so he whacked the Nightmare with his hatchet.

"Dad! Stop!" Hiccup yelled getting out of the entrance and safety area. The Nightmare immediately threw itself at him, and as it was half way, a banshee type of hiss echoed, the cage blew and a black dragon pounced into the arena, smoke blackening out all the view.

Frostbite felt his legs turn to jelly and he collapsed when he saw the spark of betrayal in the eyes of the Nightmare that was being crushed up the Night Fury. He fell back, but didn't feel hitting the ground.

"I've got you, bro. Sheesh, you went from tripping over your feet, to falling on your feet." Aster failed to laugh at his own joke, for the first time. The brunet boy dragged his brother to the safety area. For a moment the warrior watched as his grandfather dragged his father out in shame, to the great hall and his father's dragon was being chained and put behind bars.

"What happened to both of you?! I told you to stay alive?" Val marched down to where her brother dragged their brother.

"Do we look dead?" Aster then looked at the unconscious King in his arms. "Uh, he's unconscious not dead." He confirmed.

The rest of the teens, both future and past ran up to them. Aster laid Frostbite on the ground and kneeled beside, slapping his face

for him to awake. The blonde didn't wake.

"What was that?" Snotlout asked when they were there. "What was that thing he did? How did he get the Nightmare to obey him?"

"That would be one of the many supernatural qualities of our dear friend, Frostbite." Aster looked at his uncle and said sarcastically, then angrily turned to Frostbite's limp form. "Wake up, already!" He delivered a very painful slap to Frostbite's face, but to no avail.

10. Chapter 10

"_Frostbite â€| Frostbite â€| Dragon King!" A soft but strict voice hissed in his ear and immediately the teenager jolted up awake. His green eyes looked around his surroundings. This wasn't the arena._

Where am I? What happened? Where's dad? What happened to Aster and Val? Where are my friends? What time period am I in? The questions hit his head like a rock.

"_Frostbite, I know you can't see me, but you have to trust me. It's me, Vepro. You have to return to your time period. Or your future parents will perish in the fires of your mistakes."_

An imaged formed out of grey smoke. His mother, on her Deadly Nadder was being pulled into the jaws of the Red Death, while his father's dragon was too slow because it was also carrying him on it, that he was too late to save her, and she fell into the jaws of the Red Deathâ€|

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"Aster, stop, you're gonna kill him. And then Uncle Hiccup is gonna kill you for it, when we get back." Anna held his wrist, preventing him from slapping the unconscious boy once again.

"Well, what do we do?" Aster argued.

Suddenly Frostbite began to toss around violently, screaming, in his unconsciousness. "Mom â€| mom â€| Mother! NO â€| MOTHER!" He yelled from the top of his lungs. "Please â€| no â€| Mother! For once in your life! Listen to me! MOTHER!" Tears were beginning to stream down. "Mother!" He was whispering now. "Mom â€| Astrid Hofferson!"

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The form of his mother vanished. Not a scream. Not a sound. Not a trace of life. All because of him. It seemed so real. Then everything came flushing into his ears. His mother's screams. His mother's curses. His mother's pleas for help. All his fault!

The pain became too terrible to bare, and Frostbite, awoke with a jolt, gasping for breath. To find all the teenagers, minus his father, watching him with wide eyes.

"Wh-what happened?" He breathed out regaining his breath,

again.

"Y-you fainted, and you wouldn't wake up. You yelled 'Mother' in your dreams." Val summarised.

"Oh, I didn't say my mother's name, by any chance did I?" Frostbite rubbed his eyes, and avoided eye contact.

Astrid was too shocked to speak, and when she was about to say something about his last question, she was cut off by Aster.

"No, you didn't | Now, isn't your father getting banished?!" Aster threw his arms up for emphasis.

The forest green eyes enlarged and immediately the teenager ran at full speed out of the arena to the Great Hall.

"He's my son?!" Astrid finally managed to speak.

Aster and Val turned on their heels, looking extremely worried and sheepish.

"What? You didn't notice the resemblance?" Aster rubbed the back of his head, in a sheepish motion. "Blonde hair? Seriously?"

"Why didn't you tell me?!" She glared at both son and daughter.

"Think about it. When you found us on the beach and we said that we were from the future. How would you have reacted to having three children with the one person you despise worse than Snotlout?" Aster reasoned with his mother.

Suddenly, like a ton of bricks, it finally hit her. He was her son all along. He always knew that, as did all the other future-teenager. That's why there was always a closeness between Aster, Ingrid and Frostbite. That's why each of them winced or ducked their heads when someone said that they weren't siblings, or had parents that weren't their actual parents. That explained so much.

She was the one that pushed both of Frostbite and Hiccup away from her. No doubt they would have told her earlier, but because of her own | blindness, she made it impossible. Astrid, imagined her reaction, if she found out that Frostbite was her son. Frostbite, the complete copy of Hiccup. Wait a minute | Hiccup.

Her eyes darted to her children's hair. Brown and Red.

"Yep, mom, you guessed it | our dad is | Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III." Val said, fiddling with a string of flaming red hair.

Unexpected feelings rushed into her. She imagined herself and Hiccup, two toddler boys chasing each other across the village and a small red headed girl catching up to them. She saw a happily married life, she saw herself in the comforts of Hiccup's warm embrace. Hiccup. The boy that had impressed her for the first time in her life. Who infuriated her and amazed her. Hiccup.

She was too shocked to speak. She found herself walking, towards the

Great Hall, but stopped in her tracks when she saw the boy that she was looking for watching as the ships left the harbour. The blonde haired boy was nowhere in sight. So she chose her destination for the brown haired one. She decided not to mention to him her new discovery, to avoid any awkwardness.

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"Where were you? Uh, where is your father and Aunt Astrid?" Anna looked up to find Frostbite walk into the room.

"I just got banished." Frostbite said, sarcastically. "I have to leave with dad tomorrow."

"Perfect." Aster rubbed his hands together. He was given the look by his brother. "Oh, you know what I mean? The future." Frostbite rolled his eyes.

Just then, Astrid and Hiccup entered the Arena. Inspiration evident in Hiccup's eyes and Astrid looking quite pleased with herself.

"Great, you're all here." Hiccup said. "I have a favour to ask of you but it could potentially be a very dangerous situation feel free to back off but our parents are going to die otherwise"

"Where have we heard this before?" Spitlout asked, and all the future-teenage eyes turned to Frostbite, who feeling quite awkward ducked his head.

"Spill it out already, coz." Snotlout yelled, losing patience.

"I plan on riding the dragons to battle and using them to kill the Dragon Queen and rescue our parents and I need your help." Hiccup explained.

The past-teenagers stared at him as if was crazy. While the future-teens, after a couple of moments, sniggered, laughed and looked at Frostbite, who knew what they were laughing about.

"Dragon Queen." Aster grabbed his knees from the laughter. "Frost, I didn't know you were married and had a queen."

Frostbite rolled his eyes. "Idiots." He muttered.

"Dragon Queen?" Hiccup looked at this eldest son for an explanation.

Frostbite signed. "Basically, couple of months ago, in our time, I became the King of Dragons. The Master of Dragons. Call it whatever you want. I have dragon abilities. Talk to them. Breathe fire. Etc. The 'Dragon Queen' as you said, let's call her the Red Death, to avoid further misunderstanding." He said the last word glaring at his friends, who stopped laughing by now. "She is sort of my adopted great-aunt. She's my mentor's sister."

There was a long pause of silence and shock from the past-teenager.

Then Snotlout burst into a fit of laughter. "Pphhbb. You â€œ the King of Dragons â€œ I'm sorry, I just never expected Viking's worst enemy to be this."

"Would you prefer that I looked like this?" Frostbite smirked confidently. Suddenly his body caught fire, his body grew and towered over Snotlout, his bone armour showed itself, wings grew out of his back, his once skinny limbs turned to rip muscle bulks and his voice turned to a menacing tone. "How do you like this, uncle?" His green eyes piercing into Snotlout's soul. The raging flames on his body cracking loud enough for Snotlout to go deaf.

"NO, NO! STICK TO THE SCRAWNY VIKING IMAGE! IT WORKS FOR YOU!" Snotlout cowered in fear on the floor, while his companions starred at the flaming dragon-boy/man.

As if Snotlout said the magic word, Frostbite turned to his old form, and clicked his teeth contently, offering a hand up to Snotlout. Shacking, Snotlout accepted it, afraid of what could happen if he crossed to his nephew's bad side.

"Whoever made my clothes stretchable and fireproof, thank you?" He turned to his female friends.

"You had to pull that trick again. Where were you on 1st of April, coz? When we really needed you." Spitlout scolded his cousin.

Frostbite rolled his eyes, for the thousandth time that evening. Hiccup decided to take this as his queue, he stepped forward. "...If I was a normal Viking father, I would yelled 'witchcraft', disowned and banished you, for being different. But luckily I'm not the average Viking." He faced Frostbite with a smile, surprising Frostbite all together. "Now, are you guys in on this or what?"

The future-teens immediately agreed, muttering something about 'uncle' or 'dad' or 'adventure'. The past-teens, in their own way, rounded up behind Hiccup's command.

11. Chapter 11

The Vikings flew to Dragon Island, after the Viking fleet, that would surely perish. Hiccup and Astrid occupied the Deadly Nadder. Snotlout and Spitlout had the Nightmare. Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Anna and Rufflegs sat on The Zippleback. Fishlegs shared the Gronkle with Aster. And Frostbite carried his beloved sister on his, currently, muscled back.

The plan was that the teens would separate. The future teens would land near the Vikings and use their dragon calls and try to get Vikings and Dragons trained in time for the evacuation of the Vikings. The past teens and Frostbite would actually do the battle.

While they flew, Astrid couldn't stop throwing glances at her children. Val had the gentleness and was the one that calmed all the dragons down when they panicked or were scared, almost naturally. Aster was the confident, he was ready to even hitch a ride on the slowest of dragons and the most cowardly of Vikings. Frostbite was

the most determined, something in him sparked and he became obsessed with getting to the Red Death. They were all so amazing, they're personalities couldn't be more different, but they worked so well together, even if they didn't show it much.

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They flew into the Battle. Frostbite didn't hear what his father was yelling, he quickly landed his sister to the floor below and flew off to the direction of the Red Death.

By Odin, that thing was bigger than he thought. Great, Vepro, you just felt the need to turn your sister into a dragon the size of a mountain. Wonderful. She's gonna kill us!

His green eyes kept focused on his mother and the Nadder.

"HEY! UGLY!" Frostbite yelled to the Red Death, redirecting her attention of the Twins. He threw his arms to the sky, and it looked like he ripped the thunder and lightning out from the sky itself, he directing the lightning at the Red Death. The Red Death stumbled back a bit but other than that, it generally remained unharmed, though annoyed nonetheless.

Frostbite turned around and found that Snotlout was already on the Red Death's head. He spread his wings and flew after his uncle. He grabbed his uncle by his claws and landed him on the ground, then flew up to the Red Death. By the speed of light, a large force wrapped around his body, suspending him in mid-air. The Red Death's massive paw had caught him. He felt her grip tightening on him, she was squishing him. His breath caught in his throat, literally.

"Frostbite!" He heard someone yell, but his mind was too wrapped up in the prospect of being crushed that he didn't register who the voice belonged to. She was crushing the light out of him. The bones of his armour were digging into his skin, and he felt blood trickle on his chest. His face turned red from the lack of oxygen, and his brain shut down, making him fall unconscious.

A powerful force, blew up the paw of the Red Death, making it roar in pain and dropping the unconscious Dragon King. The boy King fell to the ground, his eyes closed, hundred meters from the air. His quickly descending body was caught by a blue dragon, being ridden by a blonde girl. The Nadder gently landed on the ground, with its rider jumping off it launching herself to its legs and pulling away the boy in the bone armour.

Meanwhile, using Frostbite's distraction, all the teens, future and past where now on the ground and Hiccup was in the sky. Astrid was nowhere near the Red Death's jaws, but unfortunately Frostbite didn't know that.

"He's alive." Val breathed, when she put her ear to his chest. "He's alive." She repeated for her mother to hear, who was cradling her son, possessively.

"Does he always do that?" Astrid chocked through slowly dripping tears.

"Well, he's our father's copy." Aster said, getting on his knees beside his brother's body, but pointing to the sky where the Red Death was following a small black dot. All the teenagers surrounded the King's unconscious body.

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The battle raged on, but eventually, the Red Death fell from the sky, chasing the tiny Night Fury with his rider on it. With a violent blast, the Red Death's jaws blew up in fire. The Red Death, Queen of Dragons (or Princess) was dead. Smashing to bits. Destroyed. Obliterated. And chances were, that Hiccup had the same fate.

Stoic searched the foggy wasteland of ash for his son or his dragon.

"Go look for him. I'll take care of Frostbite," Astrid whispered to her conscious children.

Aster nodded, Val was reluctant, and so she was pulled by her arm by her brother.

"Dad! Dad! Hiccup!" Aster yelled, with a determined expression that almost matched his brother's. His sister's eyes were watering with grief, their presence in the past could have changed the time line so much that their father and brother could have died. "Dad!"

"Hiccup?" Stoic ran to the black dragon.

Astrid and the other teenagers that were crowding Frostbite's body saw as much. There was silence. Cradling the limp body, Astrid let her tears fall onto the bone armour, forgetting that everyone was watching. "I'm so sorry."

"He's alive?!" Someone yelled, cheers roared from the crowd.

Astrid breathed a sigh of relief. Hiccup was alive. Her husband. The father of her children. Her Hiccup. Was alive. Her whole family was.

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The father and son lay side by side in the healer's tent. The healers were more concerned about Hiccup than Frostbite, with Hiccup's left leg needing to be amputated, and the fact that Frostbite had the peculiar armour of bones and was a half-dragon that the healers didn't know what to do with him.

Aster and Val never left their sides. They stayed at the Chief's House, tending to their father and brother 24/7, being brought food and water by their friends. Stoic and Astrid were the next most common people to be with them. Even if this was Stoic's house, the Chief of Berk decided to distance himself from his unconscious son and grandson, maybe it was guilt that held him back, but he wouldn't talk to anyone. Astrid everyday had to be dragged home by her parents, and she had her Nadder to take care of, so that subtracted her time from sitting on a stool all day and staring at the two unconscious boys.

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"_Frostbite, Frostbite, Frostbite!" A bittersweet voice startled Frostbite from his sleep._

"_Huh?"_

"_You have failed. You have failed me â€| me, Vepro the Wise. Your mentor! I gave you one job to do and now look what you have done! You have murdered your own father. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. Did you really think that history was correct? That your father, the scrawny toothpick killed Arachnida, my sister, the largest dragon in history?! You fool! Destiny was supposed to grant you that legacy but you were far too slow and now your father would have paid the price for your mistakes with his life?!"_

"_No â€| NO! You're lying â€| get out of my head!"_

"_When have I ever lied to you, Frostbite? â€| But if you want proof, then here it is?!"_

_Grey smoke, once again, appeared in front of Frostbite's vision. A skinny teenage body lay wrapped up in mirth in the Great Hall, everyone wept. This was a funeral, no doubt. Several Vikings carried the body through the village and onto the burial grounds, where the tomb lay and inscription and name of the body was carved. The mourners cleared and the name was visible. _

'_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. The Misunderstood Hero of Berk. Slayer of the Red Death. Trainer of Dragons. Rider of the Night Fury.'_

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If your reading this, then please review this story. Anything. I will accept any review.

12. Chapter 12

"Aster, maybe you should take Toothless out for a flight. It's unhealthy to sit here all day, and a Night Fury without his flying is nothing." Val said, looking at Aster who was putting a piece of wet cloth on their brother's forehead.

"It's not healthy for you either."

"Yeah, but you're the only one that knows how to operate dad's stirrup since you were like 3 years old â€| you know, I remember the day when dad showed you how to use Toothless' tailfinâ€|"

"Yeah, I remember that too." Aster remembered the memory, smiling.

"Dad was so eager to show us how to fly Toothless, and I was too scared to fly while Toothless didn't take kindly to Frostbite, so that left you."

"I gotta tell you, that flight was the greatest moment of my life. That's the day that I became so passionate about flying â€| and when I first made fun of Frostbite." The smile on Asters face faded

hearing himself say that last part.

"You regret it don't you?" Val asked.

"Of course not." Aster regained his composure. "But, I just wish that maybe I could have done a little less." Aster looked at the unconscious form of his brother.

"What do you mean by 'making fun of Frostbite'?" Astrid startled the boy and girl. She had stood there all along and listened to the conversation between her son and daughter.

Aster signed and hugged his knees. "Frostbite endured a difficult childhood. At some point, everyone turned their backs to him. Dad didn't have time for him, you didn't understand him, I bullied him because he was weak and he couldn't train a dragon, Val!"

"I wasn't enough comfort for him. The youngest child of the family, couldn't offer him anything, no advice, I didn't know what he was going through, and the only thing I could have given was a shoulder to cry on." Val said, bitterly.

"We were the favourites, and we enjoyed it." Aster confessed.

Astrid was shocked, to say the least, by the new discovery. Great, what else did these cunning monsters hide from her. She never understood her eldest son! Her firstborn! The copy of her Hiccup! The King of Dragons! Her son!

Just before she could question further either of them, Frostbite began to toss and turn violently in the bed, screaming.

"Dad! No! Dad! You can't do this! Dad! Father! I'm so sorry! Please! No! You can't die! You couldn't have died! No! What about mom?! What about me, Val and Aster! You! Get out of my head! Liar!" Frostbite grabbed his hair in handfuls.

"Frostbite, wake up!" Aster yelled at his brother, slapping him across the face very badly.

"Aster stop. Violence won't solve this. It never did." Val caught his wrist as he lifted his hand for the second slap.

"Well, what are we supposed to do, then?" Aster snapped.

"How did we wake him up last time?" She asked calmly, looking at both her mother and brother.

"We didn't he woke up by himself, after yelling." Aster answered.

"Exactly, so maybe he'll be able to wake himself again." Val towered over her brother, who signed in defeat.

"Just when I was having a good excuse to hit Frost senseless." Aster moaned, only to be glared at by his mother.

Frostbite's piercing screams continued for another 10 minutes. Multiple times his body caught fire, which they immediately put out with a bucket of water. But eventually, he woke up, panting, sweating

and with red eyes; as if from a bad dream.

"Frostbite!" Astrid and Val leapt on him in a bone crushing hug.
(Excuse the pun, he is currently in the bone armour.)

"What theâ€" "He managed to say before he was enveloped in the warm gesture.

"Don't ask." Aster said, quickly, reading his older brother's confused expression.

Frostbite suddenly realised that his mother was hugging him. He pointed to her and mouthed to Aster 'Did you tell her?' Aster smirked and nodded.

"Do you know what dad would do to us if he found out that you died, Frost?" Val said, letting go of the hug, leaving her mother still there.

"Well, given his current state, nothing." Aster said, before Frostbite could reply, looking at the unconscious Dragon Conqueror. Astrid and Val each sent a glare at him. "What? Do I look like I'm lying, no. Dad, is unconscious."

Frostbite looked at his mother. "So you know that I'm your son?"

"Aster and Val lied to you when they said you didn't say my name when you fainted in the Training Arena."

"Hm." He made no sign of anger, just rubbed his eyes for a while.
"What happened?"

"You kinda got squished by the Red Death." Aster summed up.

"I got that far." Frostbite snapped.

"Well, you fell unconscious and wouldn't wake up. Now, a whole month after the Battle, you began screaming in your sleep, again. This time you yelled 'Dad' or 'Father' or 'Liar'." Val explained.

"Dad." Frostbite's eyes snapped and he looked at his father, lying beside him. He sat beside the Dragon Conqueror, feeling his heartbeat. "Come on, you're not my father for nothing. You have to survive this." He murmured, after hearing a stubborn heart still beating he released an inhaled breath. "Thank Thor. It was just a bad dream." He buried his face in his hands.

"What was the bad dream?" Astrid asked him.

"Dad's funeral." He said, to the horrified expressions of the three persons in the room. He walked up to his father, put two fingers on his heart and muttered something under inaudible.

'_Awake this hero please,_

And listen to my pleas,

Here lies my flesh and blood,

_Who is very much loved.' _

A bright red light glowed on Hiccup's heart, for a moment, then faded. The colour returned to his cheeks and his eyes fluttered open.

"What theâ€" "Was all he could manage before Astrid appeared by his side.

"Where have we heard this before?" Val smiled at Frostbite, who pouted as his siblings giggled or chuckled at his likeliness to their father.

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"You're ok!" Anna leapt on Frostbite in a tight embrace, briefly enveloping their lips in a passionate kiss.

"And my lunch is in my throat." Aster whisper-deadpanned, to his sister.

"Will you knock it off?" She punched him, in the shoulder really hard.

"Oh great, it's Uncle Hiccup and Aunt Astrid incarnated." Spitlout said mockingly, coming into the Chief's House, only to be glared at by a blushing Astrid and Hiccup. "What?"

"So looks like the strategy of splitting the Haddock family in two worked. Who knew?" Rufflegs said, coming in last of the future teens.

Astrid groaned. "So how many people knew about that anyway?" She asked, sitting beside Hiccup.

The future-teens put their hands up. Astrid looked around her friends, only Hiccup put his hand up, rather shyly at that.

"You knew?! Since when?!" She blew up.

"Um â€| uh â€| please don't hurt me â€| but since the Dragon Manual thing, when you shoved the book in my face and Aster and Val stayed behind, they told me then."

Astrid starred in shock at him. He knew! All along! â€| Great what else was going to be the surpriseâ€|? But she guessed she deserved it.

The future teens explained to their parents about everything about their actual mission. That Frostbite didn't get them here by accident, and that he had to kill somebody. And when asked whether they would come along with them, it was difficult to refuse them when their children were putting themselves in danger, again.

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Please, please, please, be merciful and review.

13. Chapter 13

"We've just searched half of the Barbaric Archipelago. Where would you find a crazy old wizard?" Aster groaned from behind his father, on the Night Fury.

"It's not wizard, it's sorcerer, or soul murderer." Frostbite quipped in, after 12 of them landed on a sea stack.

"Do I look like I care?" Aster snapped.

"We're not doing at this again, are we?" Val groaned, from the Deadly Nadder.

"Sis, this is gonna go on for as long as we live." Aster barked.

"You do know that I'll live for a couple of centuries, right?" Frostbite smirked. Hiccup and Astrid starred at him, as if he had just grown a second head. "Why are you looking at me like that?" The two past teenagers shook their heads or looked at the sky as if praying to the Gods.

"What are we looking for anyway?" Tuffnut asked, bored.

"We're looking for a deranged old gouty man that keeps dragons as slaves." Frostbite explained.

"So where would you find him?" Aster yelled, getting impatient.

Frostbite's emerald eyes sparked with a new idea. "Give me a second." He pressed his index and middle finger together, near his temples.

"What's he doing?" Ruffnut asked.

"Another weird quality, of my weird brother. Thank you parents." Aster glared at Hiccup and Astrid, who exchanged a confused look, while blushing.

"Be quiet." Frostbite hissed. "Where is Herod the Sorcerer?"

"Master, you are getting closer." The Monstrous Nightmare hissed.

"They say, we're getting closer." Frostbite said, and flew up into the sky at full speed.

"Whose 'they'?" Fishlegs yell-asked, as all the others followed.

"Add that to the innumerable freakish qualities list." Aster rolled his eyes.

"I heard that. I'm not deaf." Frostbite yelled.

"We've been flying for hours." Snotlout moaned.

"We've been flying for about half an hour." Hiccup defended.

"_Closer now." _Whispering Death hissed.

"We're getting near." Frostbite encouraged them all.

"You know, I'm begging to think this guy is crazy. He's hearing voices in his head." Snotlout groaned, getting bored.

"First of all, they're not voices, they're my souls. Second of all, consider whose offspring I am, so maybe you shouldn't judge my sanity." Frostbite said in a matter-of-factly tone.

"Souls?" Hiccup and Astrid asked in unison.

"That's not a story you want to hear." Frostbite said, darkly remembering what Vepro put him through. "Stupid mentor." He muttered. "_Master, the cave below!" _Frostbite dove for the landing below, followed by the others. "Well, this means this will become necessary." He pulled out a crown from the satchel attached to Toothless' saddle, and put it on his head. "Stupid fashion accessory." He muttered under his breath.

The 12 teenagers approached a stone wall, Frostbite put a palm on the stone wall. "_Help â€|us â€| please!" "Pain â€| Torture â€| slavery!" "Somebody â€| helpâ€|" _Frostbite fell back, after hearing them. "We're here." His voice was unrecognisably dark. His fingers suddenly morphed to claws and began to vibrate, he stabbed them into the rock. "You know what dad, I don't care what you think about Whispering Deaths. They're awesome. Handy actually, excuse the pun."

"Whispering Death?" Hiccup looked at his other son for an explanation.

"You'll find out in a couple of months." Aster promised. "When the village almost gets destroyed." He mumbled.

"What was that?"

"Nothing to worry about, dad." Aster defended. "Are you done, yet?" He asked with a bored expression.

"You know there's an expression, 'Patience is a virtue'." Frostbite grunted, trying to not break away from the focus of drilling through the wall. Eventually there were two holes in the wall, and losing patience himself he kicked them open himself.

"I must say, you really have the patience-virtue part down." Aster smirked.

"Shut up, Aster." Frostbite rolled his eyes, as the wall began to collapse.

The whole structure of the stone wall fell off. The area behind it glowed in an unwelcome grey and green colour.

"Guys, are you sure this is safe?" Fishlegs whimpered looking into seemingly bottomless pit in the side of a mountain.

"Definitely not." Frostbite said darkly, before jumping into the hole, followed by the other dragons with their riders.

"Dad, if you don't jump into that hole, let's just say that I know how to stop Meatlug from licking your toes." Rufflegs threatened his father.

"Alright, alright."

They all were in. Guided by the Dragon King, who set his body aflame to illuminate the path.

"So, the Strong and Mighty Dragon King has finally arrived. I was wondering what happened to you."

"Herod." Frostbite gritted his teeth, seeing an old man standing beside a golden, ruby encrusted throne.

He had piercing blue eyes and black goatee with white strips going through it. Cloaked in black, and wearing a devious smirk. "Vepro's runt."

The flames roared high and dangerously at that comment.

14. Chapter 14

"So, Vepro's puppy, has been ordered by his master to eliminate a defenceless old man, talk about dishonourable." The old man seemed to share a dark sense of humour with his old friend, Scorpions.

"A defenceless old man that wishes to help with the destruction of the world. Yeah, I don't really care about honour right now." Frostbite lit his palms and got into a stance, ready to strike.

"So you are just going to kill someone, without knowing them or their supposed crimes, because your mentor told you. Tell me, Your Majesty, how long have you known your mentor? Do you know much about him? Do you know what exactly he did to you, when you were born?"

"What are you talking about?" Frostbite gritted his teeth harder.

The physically standing old man, suddenly changed shape, his body taking a ghostly grey shape and flew into Frostbite's head. The Dragon King began to scream and grabbed his head, in handfuls of hair as the pain pierced into his mind.

"_I have seen your past, Frostbite Haddock, and there are things that have been hidden_." The voice was worse than the Whispering Death's shuddering hisses. And by the uneasy looks of his friends and family, it wasn't just in his head.

"_You're very births cursed your family._

A vision appeared in front of everyone's eyes. A screaming blonde woman was crying in the Healer's hut, a blue Dragon nuzzling her side

for comfort.

"Madam â€| he's hardly breathing â€| he won't make it." The Healer said, with much regret. "If you will carry on â€| you may not survive â€| you will both die."

"He'll survive â€| we both will." She said, taking several deep breaths and then with one final push, the atmosphere calmed. "What happened?"

"You've just given birth to a boy." The Healer's voice was hollow of any excitement. "But I have to tell you this â€| he's not crying â€| which means he's not healthy â€| he will likely not survive for much longer."

The blonde woman, ignored the healer, she grabbed her new-born son. "Get out! All of you!" She yelled, half crying, pulling her son closer to her, pursing her lips together to get rid of her sobs. "I won't let anything happen to you." She vowed to her new son.

You weren't meant to be born, you were supposed to die.

"Ok, Stormfly. You, me and this little guy, are taking a small detour." She said, after wiping her eyes, off tears. She sat on the blue and yellow Deadly Nadder and flew off into the direction of the mountains, holding tightly the babe in her arms, for dear life. The biting cold winter slowed down one of the fastest dragons on the island, making the task of getting somewhere, that much more difficult.

Your mother, petrified for your very breath, ran to the only person that she could think of, for help. To save her firstborn son.

"Sir â€| Vepro, are you here?!"

"Ah, Astrid, I see the moment is ripe." The all too familiar man emerged from the darkness of the cave.

"He's barely breathing and he barely has a heartbeat." The blonde woman's voice was breaking, but nonetheless she tried to stay strong, even in her darkest moments.

"Give him to me." The elderly man opened his arms, and the woman reluctantly handed the child to him. "There isn't much time. Follow me." He turned deeper into the darkness of the cave, and she followed, without ushering another word. "I trust you know what the price will be for his life?"

She looked away, with her lower jaw shivering. "What if I sacrifice my own life to save him? A life for a life?"

"That won't work. Your lives aren't equal. He's a new-born, less than an hour old, you are what? 20 years of age. Astrid, life is a gift of the highest purity and so it needs an equal sacrifice for it. Besides, you have another unfinished job and destiny to complete. No, it's still the old price you both have to pay."

Vepro asked for a price more merciful than death, but not any less painful.

The blonde woman shook her head a yes, burying her face in her palms.

Vepro nodded. They both entered the same chamber in which Frostbite had been blessed with his dragon abilities, apparently in the same room he would be blessed with something else. Life.

'_Save this babe from certain death,_

Bless him with newly given breath,

In exchange: breath be condemned,

Laughed at and possess no friend.

He'll know pain and suffering,

Let nothing be comforting,

Isolate those who love him.

He will become a great king.

An enemy of himself,

Until his mind restores to wealth.

In the meantime, link him to,

His mother's heart, until time is due.'

Vepro spoke the curse, and the golden lights bounced all over the room, landing in the woman's and baby's chests. Vepro took out a golden goblet, gave it to the woman, instructing her to drink it, she did so, he took the goblet and poured green lava-like substance into the baby's throat. The air pierced with a baby's scream, and at once everyone knew he was going to live.

"You, or anyone else who knows about this, are not to tell him about this deal, until the time is right. You, or anyone else who knows about this, are not to defend him against the curse, only to stop him from meeting death, once again. You are only allowed to watch from the side-lines how he grows up, whether you like his upbringing or not. He is to raise himself."

The woman nodded, showing that she heard him.

Your mother would have sacrificed anything to save your life, believing it was her fault for your mistaken births. But Vepro, sealed both your fates, for his own reasons. For his own ambitions of killing his brother, because of a family conflict. His family conflict.

A scrawny, blonde boy walked, about the age of 5 years, walked through the village. Every step he took another back turned to him, both dragon and human. A younger boy walked up to him and pushed him to the floor, laughing manically.

The same blonde woman, slightly older, watched from some corner as the younger, buffer boy, pushed the other to the floor. Her eyes were

on the verge of tears, and she tried to turn around to not see this display. But then stopped in her tracks, when she saw, the same blonde boy stand up, even with his toothpick like arms, and stood up to the younger boy.

"Stay away from me, Aster. What have I ever done to you?" The reply was a fist to the stomach.

The blonde woman was about to make her way to the scene, but a firm hand stopped her.

"Astrid, don't." Her husband said, very sternly.

"Hiccup, I can't just stand here, and watch as one of my sons, beats up another." Her hand trailed to the same part of her stomach that the younger boy had hit his brother.

"You can feel his pain?" Her husband noticed.

"We have the same heart, remember. I feel every physical pain he endures, though I'm not sure whether he feels my pain. I'm not keen to find out either, if he does, then he went through the pain of two childbirths." She tried to humour herself, but throwing a glance over her shoulder and seeing what was going on, she couldn't issue a laugh.

"He'll be fine. You've both done so well, so far. You can't break now." He pulled her into a tight embrace.

"You don't know that, Hiccup. One of these days, I will do something I will regret."

"Astrid, I have an idea. But it's completely crazy and inhumane. You have to train Aster and Val, especially Aster, in warrior training. I'll arrange Gobber to train Frost in blacksmithing. That way, they will barely ever see each other, not having enough time for each other. And we'll both be occupied. You with Aster and Val, me with Chief and Dragon stuff."

"I hate this plan. But, I understand why we have to use it. Let's try, the only thing is that I don't think Val should be too secluded from Frostbite, they get along well."

"That is too fragile a relationship. If we get them too close, the curse will compromise it. Better safe than sorry." Hiccup pressed his forehead against his wife's, sharing her grief.

"They could suspect we are trying to separate them. That could ruin our family."

"They'll share a bedroom."

"I hate it when you have good ideas."

And so, Vepro sacrificed your childhood, your sanity and your family happiness, because he wanted to destroy his family unhappiness. A bit selfish don't you think._

A blonde boy, around about 10 years old, stood on the edge of a cliff, looking below and holding a dagger by his side.

"I'm sorry dad, that I'm such a disappointment. I'm sorry Aster, Val, that I couldn't be your ideal brother. I'm sorry mom, that I'll never be able to be your kind of son, luckily you still have two other children, maybe they'll make up for this." Water leaked out of his eyes in vast amounts as he said his speech. "Well, x marks the spot, right?" He pulled the collar aside to show a faint x scar mark on the left side of his chest. He held the dagger in front of him.

Then, something blue whooshed past him and the dagger was grabbed out of his grip.

"What do you think you're doing?!" The same blonde woman yelled.

"What does it look like, mom!? Making everyone's life so much more easier." He tried to reach for the dagger.

"Frostbite, you can't quit. I- I won't let you. You're forbidden to carry a dagger or any kind of weapon around with you, from now on."

"You have no idea what I'm going through!" He yelled back.

"Let's pretend that I do." She bent down to be face to face with him. "You're making a huge mistake. If you think for one moment that you're doing something as stupid as this, that this will make things easier for me and your father, then you are serious mistaken. You would only destroy me and your father. Please, Frostbite, have mercy on us." She was on the verge of tears.

"Fine." He was still fuming with anger, ignoring his weeping mother and stomping off into forest.

Imagine all the pain you caused your father in your reckless behaviour.

It was the Haddock living room, everyone was staring at Frostbite as he did something shocking, and he picked up the ember from the fireplace.

"Hiccup." The blonde woman, much older now, whispered to her husband and leaned to the nearest wall, clenching her hands. Her husband was by her side, with a bucket of water, he tossed the smoking hands in the water.

"It's about to get worse." He warned her.

"It's worth it. This is the last pain that I will have to endure, from this stupid curse. I just hope that Frost will cope." The blonde woman said, relaxing into the water's cool sensation.

"He will. He takes after you, after all. No matter what people think." The brown haired man brushed a blonde bang away, giving her a warm smile.

Moments later the pain, became hundred times worse. The blonde woman clutched her throat and looked like she was screaming, but no sound emitted from her.

You see, Your Majesty, what your mentor and you have inflicted on this world. Would have it been worth it though? Your living breath, for so much pain.

The cursed voice stopped and lifted from the atmosphere, taking away all the nerve-wrecking tension with it. A form of grey dust flew out of the cave.

The teenagers were left alone in the dark, gloomy cave.

15. Chapter 15

"Mom? Frost? Are you alright?" Val's voice sounded in the ears of the two teenagers that were the most shocked.

"I can't believe it." Frostbite said between sobs. "WHY DIDN'T ANYONE TELL ME?!" He suddenly jumped up to his feet and yelled at his brother and sister. Anger evident by the psychotic flames roared on his body. "DID YOU KNOW THIS?!" He roared in a menacing voice, borrowing volume and danger from the dragons.

"No, of course not." Val was shocked at her brother's accusations.

"How would we know?!" Aster was appalled.

"YOU, ESPECIALLY, WOULD HAVE KNOWN! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT FULFILLED THAT STUPID CURSE!" Frostbite had lost it, was on the verge of sanity. "YOU'RE THE ONE THAT MADE EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE A LIVING HELL! FOR ABSOLUTELY NO REASON!"

The two brothers resurrected their eternal arguments that used to happen on a daily basis. Hiccup and Val grabbed Aster, preventing him from leaping onto the Dragon King, while Astrid grabbed the King himself, to avoid him from attacking his brother.

"Frostbite, stop." Astrid grabbed the side of her son's face and made him look at her. "Stop. That man said no one was allowed to know."

"You're right. Mother, I'm so, so, so very sorry for all that I had to put you through." He embraced her and cried his eyes out. "You should have left me to die, instead of making such a sacrifice. If I had only known about this!"

"Don't ever say that again. The pain will be worth it." She buried one hand in her son's hair while the other firmly rested on his back, she too let some tears fall.

"Wow mom and Frost hugging, once in a lifetime sight, isn't this 13 years overdue or 20 years too early?" Aster asked, looking at his sister. The red head punched him hard enough to make him fall over.

"Not the moment." She whispered.

Frostbite was about to release his mother, when he noticed a spark in the deep darkness of the cave that they were in. In the flash of a second, he spread the wings and wrapped them around his mother. A

blast of fire blew out, it would have pulverised her, if he had not covered her with his wings.

"Astrid!" Hiccup yelled, but was pulled back by his own dragon.

The cave had erupted with fire. Frostbite only had the horrible image of his friends and family roasting in the blazing flame's cruel lights. Wanting to save his friends, even though it might have been too late, he used his now bulky leg muscles, and jumped to unbelievable heights, not being able to use his wings. He delivered his mother to the safety of the outside of the cave, then dived back and one by one, the dragons, with their riders and their rider's kids in tact came flying into the same platform.

"Is everybody alright?" Frostbite said, after he flew for the final time, coughing a bit.

"Just a few burns." Anna said, looking around the group.

Frostbite continued to cough, ignoring the looks he was given by his parents, siblings and friends. "I'm ok. Just give me a second."

-000-

"Think, where would you hide if the most powerful man in the universe would be after you." Aster said as they continued flying.

"I'll take that as a peace offering." Frostbite said, flying beside the Night Fury.

"Great, one fault down. 4,999,999 to go." Aster said sarcastically.

"I would try to get out of range, if I was him. We all know how Frostbite has anger management issues sometimes." Spitlout sniggered.

"Exactly." Frostbite snapped his fingers.

"What?" The future teens turned to him.

"No, not the anger management part â€| Wait a second, I DON'T HAVE ANGER MANAGEMENT PROBLEMS!" Frostbite yelled.

Aster coughed his throat. "You literally catch fire every time you're angry. How is that anger management? Thank you mom, for that."

Both Frostbite and Astrid gritted their teeth and rolled their eyes, with annoyance at the brown haired warrior.

"Anyway â€| what you said about getting out of range. Mountain of the Forgotten, now." The Dragon King flew at high speed.

"Mountain of the Forgotten?" Hiccup repeated, looking at his second son.

"I didn't name it, ok." Aster defended himself.

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"Stop right there, Herod!" Frostbite yelled, seeing a man at the front of the time portal.

The old man made no effort to listen to the King. He crawled into the time room, followed by an enslaved dragon. "I have you to thank for opening the time portal. Now you'll have to wait until the next person travels to this time period. Enjoy years before that happens." He laughed when he was already in the room.

"Frostbite, catch!" Aster yelled, tossing his brother the dagger, who immediately caught it and threw it at the old man.

Everything went in slow motion. The dagger spun in the air, not yet decided which point it was to hit with, the doors were closing, the wings of the poor dragon took ages to close around its master, the dagger pierced into the Sorcerer's heart, the dragon's eyes showed freedom the second the tip of the blade hit the skin, fire blasted from all points and the body of the man was destroyed. His screams and pleads for proved his demise. Nothing was left of the cruel old man.

"No. NO!" Frostbite yelled punching the wall.

"What's the matter? You killed him." Spitlout said.

"Yes, but now we're stuck here, in the past, until someone else time travels to this particular time period. Herod was right, I failed, again." Frostbite fell to the floor, weeping for his failure.

None of the teenagers moved. Not knowing how to comfort the King. Then, taking a slow but sure step, his mother walked up to him, and sat on her knees, in front of him.

"You haven't failed. You killed him, didn't you? That's what you came here to do. You succeeded."

"And yet, we're stuck here. With no other way out."

"â€œ If there is, one thing that I learnt from this whole adventure, was that you don't know, what tomorrow brings." She lifted his chin, so he would look her in the eyes. "You need to think about this with a clear head. Let's go home." She embraced him, in a much needed hug.

He didn't say a word. He was disappointed in himself that much was clear to her. _An enemy of himself. _Those words repeated in her head. Then it hit her, like a rock, his whole life he was his own worst enemy, he blamed himself, he never truly fought anyone except his own self, it was a curse, but at the same time, it was his own fault. The curse planted the seed, and he watered it to become a tree.

16. Chapter 16

The next few days were â€œ depressing. Frostbite didn't speak a word, didn't move unless absolutely important and didn't hear a word unless it was a matter of life and death. He just sat there and poked the fireplace. Depressed. Betrayed. Incomplete.

Sometimes he tried to talk to the fireplace. To talk his depression out. Or discover the treachery behind his past. Or maybe just feel complete. Like he once had been. But it never answered him. Just continued to crack and burn as it usually did. He sometimes yelled, but alas it never answered.

"Vepro, you're a coward â€‘ a traitor â€‘ be a man and talk to me, if you dare!" He yelled from the top of his lungs. Even without his dragon powers active at that moment, he still looked menacing.

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"What's that?" Hiccup pointed to the beach.

"Let's go find out." Astrid nudged her Deadly Nadder.

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"Frost? Mom and dad have a surprise at home, waiting for you." Val said, coming into the cave. "Please come home." She said gently.

"No." He said sternly.

"Frost, you can't keep blaming yourself. You can't just carry on sitting here and weeping on the past. We'll get through this. We'll find a way back. I promise. Now come home, you've been here for long enough." She put a hand on his shoulder.

"Mom and dad, our normal ones, let us go on this mission with so much optimism and they trusted me that we wouldn't fail. And now we have. They'll be wondering 'where the hell are our three kids?!"'

"Frost, just come with me." Val practically, pulled her brother out of the cave and shoved him under the claws of the blue Deadly Nadder. Stormfly allowed her rider's daughter to climb onto her and grabbed her rider's son in her claws. The majestic Nadder flew into the air, towards the village.

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"You managed it! You actually got him out of that cave?" Aster starred in shock at his sister.

"It took some effort." Val said, sliding off the dragon.

The Dragon King stood up and dusted himself, not looking too pleased that his routine of continuous solitude was disturbed. "Why am I here?" He said, already looking off to the darkness and isolation of the woods.

"Take a look yourself." Aster pointed to a group of adult Vikings standing outside the Chief's House talking to the past-teens. They seemed to notice him and all turned around to face him.

Frostbite was stunned. Paralysed by shock and a bit of panic and fear, when he realised who they were. His parents, his uncles and aunt â€‘ from their time period.

"What? How? Butâ€?" Frostbite stuttered in his utter confusion.

"Our parent's time travelled. Which means we can finally get back to our present time. You haven't failed." Aster slapped his brother's back.

"Frostbite!" A tall, decently muscular man shoved him into a hug.

"Dad, I'm â€œ choking." Frostbite managed to squeeze out some air to create sound. The Berkian Chief let go and soon Frostbite was showered by his uncles and aunt. But there was one person missing. And the King made eye contact with her.

He slowly got out of the swarm of family members and steadily walked up to his mother, who was awkwardly standing there, not sure how exactly to approach her son.

The King lowered himself on his knees and his eyes watered.

"Mother, I'm so sorry, that I gave you so much pain. You should have just let me die, then you wouldn't have been in this messâ€""

"Promise me one thing. And keep that promise. You'll never again make an enemy of yourself." She didn't look him in the eye.

"I- I will try."

"There's no try, there's only will or will not."

Frostbite sighed, somehow he wasn't surprised. "I â€œ will."

The King was further surprised, when a powerful, stronger than Scorpions' fire blasts or Herod's mind tricks, hug attacked him. "I don't want to ever hear you saying that, again." She said, sobbing into her son's neck. "And please stop calling me mother. 'Mom' is just perfect."

"I thought that you couldn't show me any affection?" Frostbite was tensed up like a dragon at an eel gathering.

"I don't care what the punishments are. I've waited 20 years for this moment." She wept even more.

Frostbite was still tensed, but seeing as this was important to his mother, he wrapped his arms around her and tried to relax in her affectionate embrace.

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"So how did you get here? You would have been roasted entering the Portal." Frostbite asked, after his mother's grip on him weakened, half an hour later.

"Dragons." Hiccup tilted his head towards several flammable dragons standing behind him. "When we were them." He pointed to his past self and the past gang. "We had a visit from six teenagers that so

happened to be our kids, from the future. It would be 20 years before we would return to this moment."

"Time goes around in a loop, kind of like a clock. It's a paradox." Future-Astrid explained.

"So in 20 years we'll have to time travel to the past?" Past-Hiccup asked, trying to figure it out.

"Yeah. To bring your kids back to the normal time." Future-Snotlout answered.

"So you guys are leaving?" Past-Astrid asked, somehow sounding sad.

"Hey, you get to see us in the next six to eight years, as we slowly begin to repopulate like bunnies." Aster said, putting his arm around his mother's past self, in a strangely comforting way.

"Wait a minute. I wanna check something. Anyone have a knife?" He looked at his friends and siblings.

"Here." Aster, as expected, pulled out a small throwing knife, and tossed it to his brother. "Why?" He asked, only after he gave away the sharp object.

Frostbite didn't answer. The king slashed the dagger, quickly on his right forearm. "Mom, do you feel anything." He looked at the small cut that was forming blood.

Future-Astrid stretched out her right forearm, it was empty of any wound.

"It's over. The curse is broken, but only, as long as you don't hate yourself." She looked at her firstborn seriously.

"I don't plan to cause you anymore pain." Frostbite said, avoiding eye contact with both his mothers, though clearly thinking something.

"I can't believe you knew about this whole thing, all along." Val said, from her future-father's side. "Usually you guys can't hold a secret to save your life."

"When you know your children's life are on the line, you do anything." Hiccup smiled at his daughter.

The past teenagers smiled at their future. It was reassuring to know that your future is bright.

"Of course, we don't know if Frost is going to kick Scorpions' butt all the way to Valhalla or not." Future-Tuffnut said.

"Tuffnut! You're not helping." Future-Astrid snapped.

"What?" Tuffnut said, before being punched by his twin and daughter in unison.

"Are you ready to go?" Future-Astrid asked her son, as the gang were about to enter the Dragon Palace.

"Yeah, let's go."

They had spent the last half hour saying goodbye to their past parents. Currently the past gang was standing outside the Mountain of the Forgotten, waiting for their future selves and children to travel back in time.

"Let's go then." Astrid guided her son into the cave. The King threw a last glance to his past parents and followed his mother into the cave, where the blazing fire swept the time-travellers and transported them back to their time.

"You know, I actually am gonna miss them." Astrid said.

"Like they said, wait 6 years and you get to see them again." Hiccup said.

"Can't wait."

"Oh no, please don't start before 6 years, wait a few years, I won't stand it if a mini Frostbite starts running around the village right now." Snotlout groaned.

Both Hiccup and Astrid blushed a crimson red colour and avoided eye contact, suddenly developing a fascination for the sky, their boots, or a tree. Astrid got annoyed with her blushing in the end and punched Snotlout in the stomach.

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This is the last King of the Dragons I will do. Doesn't seem popular and I have lost passion for it. And when I lose passion for something, I won't be able to do it even I got paid £1,000,000.

Anyone who wants to adopt the story, PM, first come first served.

17. Author Note IMPORTANT!

Dear readers,

PLEASE READ! This story has been adopted by Mr. K.W.C and has now been published. Please view it. I have given this author all rights and he can do what he wants with this story.

Mr. K.W.C has asked me to tell you guys that he also won't be updating very frequently so it would be best to follow and favourite him or you'll have me to deal with *punching fist* just kidding, but seriously read it.

Sorry this story didn't work out for me.

Scorpion6955

18. AUTHOR NOTE 3

Guys! (If you're still there) I might, but I do not promise anything, post the third part. I know I've been silent and said I lost the passion, but I think soon I will, once my computer will allow me to publish new stories. And hopefully it will.

Thanks to someone called Mysterygirl1111, King of Dragons has a wiki community thing to find it search for Frostbite Haddock on the internet and a wiki page about him and five other pages should come up.

Please search it! I need more ideas if I want to write a third part!

Scorpion6955 out!

End
file.